FANGRAPHIX

PREMIERE ISSUE

2.95

Science fiction - fantasy, stories, articles, strips, humor

HAPPY 50th BIRTHDAY 1935-1985
DC COMICS

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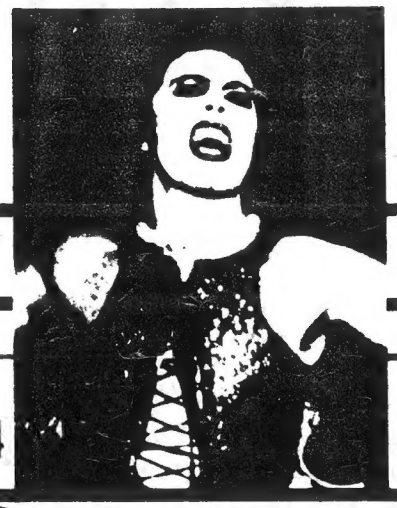

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FANGRAPHIX is published quarterly by Tony Caputo Studios c 1984 100 W. Chestnut Chicago,Il. 60610. Fangraphix is published to entertain and inform the science fiction and fantasy fans in the super imaginative world of fandom. Contributions are always welcome. Please include a stamped self-addressed envelope if you would like your work returned. And don't you think the contents would be a hellavalot more entertaining than this? **All contents are copyrighted ç 1984 by FANGRAPHIX/Tony Caputo**

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EDITORIAL

FANGRAPHIX IS HERE!

WELCOME TO FANGRAPHIX! The total fanzine. In this,our premiere issue you'll find a wide variety of entertainment to thrill you and an assortment of articles to chill you.But, as much as I enjoy writting it; enough hype, take a look and see for yourself.

As you are reading this right now,our second issue is in the process of being finished and you can expect even more new ideas entering the world of fanzines! Special features will include a science fiction video movie review. That's right we're going to help you find the great movies and warn you of the bad ones. This will also come in handy for your non-video recorder owner who has cable,free TV or enjoys a trip to his favorite theatre.

Our second issue will include art by you, the fans as well as work by such names as Mike Nasser,and Neal Adams.

We have articles on Jack Kirby,Spider-woman, and a profile on the Doctor Who of who's;Tom Baker. And more!

We have the continuing story of The Team, The Monkenomium Warriors, War On Jupiter,and more.

So,read on and write us with your comments ideas,etc... ENJOY!

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This issue's inside front cover is by Jose Luis Garcia-Lopez and Dick Giordano and was espicially done for the DC Super Stars Society. Thanks to Mike Catron for making the illustration available to us.

The back cover is c 1984 Marvel Comics

THANKS TO EVERYONE

YOUR VIEWS

FANDOM SPEAKS

Dear Fangraphix Reader,

To get directly to the point: What do you think of our new and different 'zine? Why don't you sit down,take a few minutes and look thru it then write us! We really want to know!

What...? Ohhhh...well,what do you think of that book ,that new SF movie,that new comic, character,writer,artist,inker,actor--

To make it even shorter; WE WANNA HEAR FROM YOU!

Sincerely Yours,
Fangraphix
Fandom Speaks
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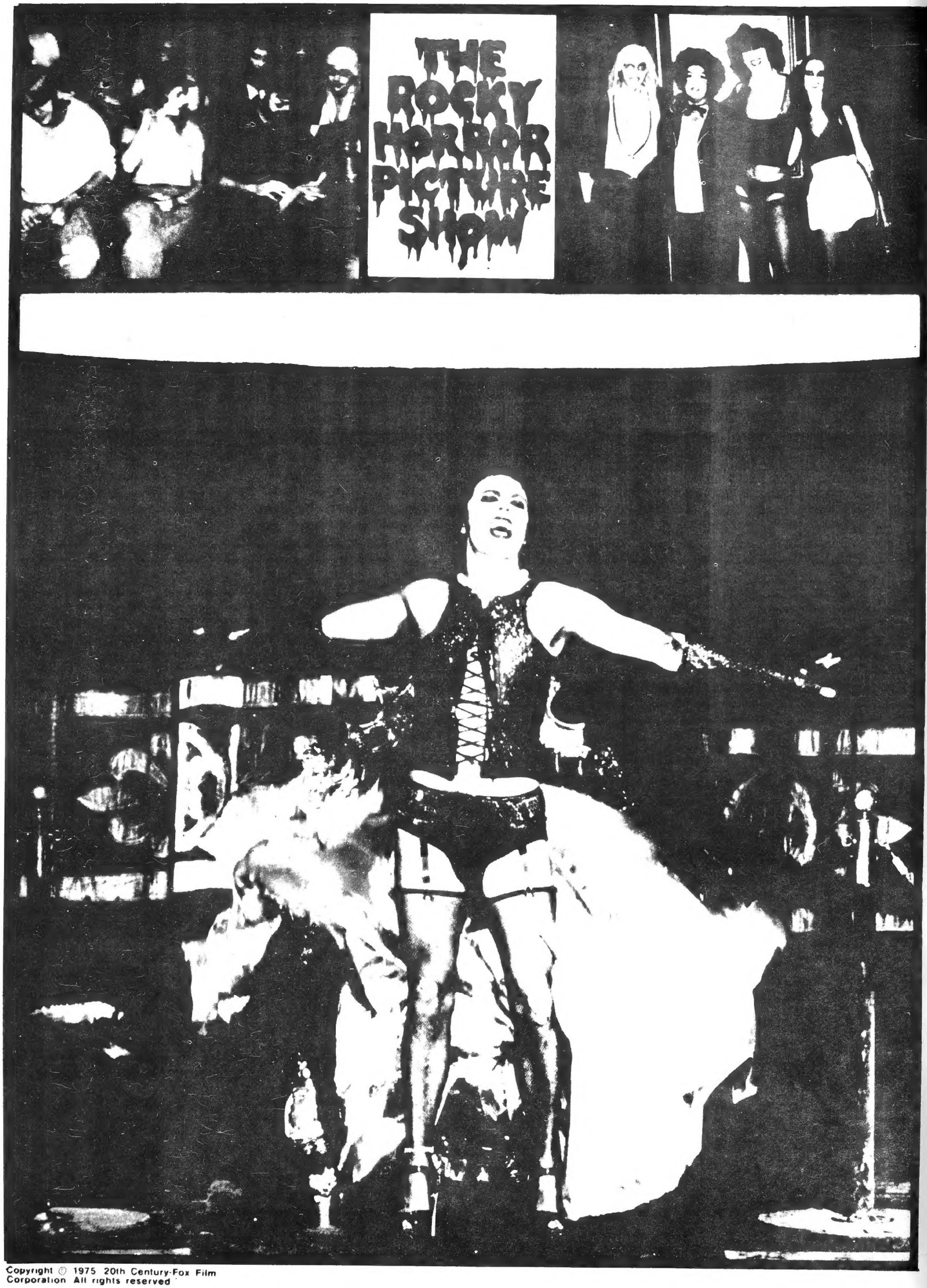
P.S. By the way, we are looking for that illustration, comic strip,story,or article that you're thinking of contributing to a fanzine, so please send it our way with a PP self-addressed envelope if you'd like to see your work returned...and thanks.



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ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

By Thom Morrissey

ROCKY HORROR is a phenomenon. Probably the ultimate cult film, it has been playing consistantly to sell-out crowds in theatres all over the country, every weekend at midnight. Many people come to the film dressed (and made up) like characters in the film, especially Dr. Frank N. a "sweet transvestite from Transexual, Transylvania". Some have seen the film over 100 times, and still fail to get tired of it.

Why? How could a film be that good? Well, you have to see R.H.P.S. to really understand it. One of the major reasons, however, is that the show is such a cathartic experience. Everycne joins in, and first-time viewers are almost inevitably drawn back to <u>really</u> participate, "now that we know what we're doing."

Since the audience is primarily comprised of people who have seen ROCKY HORROR more than once, they are therefore "in the know" as to what to sing, say and do. Thus at each and every showing (and surprisingly in unison) the crowd will join in on songs, shout out introductions to some of the film's more classic lines , and supply their own...ah...external props (i.e. rice, toast, kazoos, toilet paper, etc.).

The creative force behind THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW was Richard O'-Brien. He conceived it; co-wrote the screenplay (and wrote the original play); wrote all of the music; and played the role of Riff-Raff, Frank's "faithful handy man". Other cast members are Brad Majors (played by Barry Bostwick) and his fiance, Janet Weiss (Susan Sarandon), two young innocents in love--and right out of almost any A.I. Picture from the fifties. Brad is "a hero", but fans generally refer to him in a somewhat less complimentary light. Also in R.H.P.S. are Magenta(Patricia Quinn), Riff-Raff's sister; Columbia (Little Nell),a groupie; Dr. Everett (Great) Scott (Johnathan Edwards), Brad and Janet's old science teacher; and the narrator (Charles Gray). Tim Curry as Frank, though, is undoubtedly the star of the show. The naughty, mischevious hero dominates every scene he's in, and is an archetypical father to the rest of the group (he in fact refers to them as his "children" at one point).

ROCKY HORROR is a tribute to the old horror film films, while at the same time it promotes sexual freedom. "It is sort of a cross between FRANKENSTEIN and CABARET, with a little more kink," is how Bill Marcinko described it in AFTA 1.

Indeed, THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW is often dominated by sexual overtones, complete with seductions, leather, and an underwater orgy with Michaelangelo's "Sistine Chapel" as a background. Nonetheless, even the most puritanical viewers will find themselves enjoying the show (much to their later chagrin). This is probably because while it is played seriously, ROCKY HORROR never takes itself too seriously. Tim Curry, in an interview for CIRCUS magazine (August 3, 1978), called it: "...a joke on horror movies and on the glitter rock movement that was so big then."

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW: you've heard about it; you've read about it. Now go see it. And bring rice.

a different set of jaws.

The buzzing of the alarm was echoing in the conscious part of my mind. I tried to shake my head thinking it would eliminate the annoyance, but there was a sudden stinging pain in my neck. This had shocked me back to awareness.

I then realized that I wasn't laying comfortably in my Chicago apartment, nor in my training cabin at NASA base,Houston, but instead,in one of the four balloon-like seats which occupied the control room of the ship.

("We landed...") was all I thought as I got a whiff of a sulfer like stench. Something was burning.

I slowly opened my eyes and I had to adjust the focus by blinking a few times to notice that the front control panels were on fire.

My eyes widened in fear.

Crashed landed on Jupiter.No oxygen,No atmosphere,No rescue,and certain death.

These were the thoughts going thru my mind as I frantically unstrapped myself from the seat and stumbled towards the panels a few feet away.

Choking from the fumes,I shattered the plasti-glass door of the fire extinguisher case grabbed it and continued to shoot the foam onto the control panels, then watching as the foam evaporated with the fire.

Ignoring my bleeding hand,I dropped the extinguisher into one of the three revolving command seats and took a deep breath.

"Computer?" I asked aloud.

"Yes sir." a unisex mechanical voice answered.

"Damage report," I ordered,glad to hear that it was still functional.

"Priority...life support systems, then yourself..."

"Damage report follows..." There was a pause.

I stood with my palms down on the control panels nervously watching the blinking red light of the alarm.

"...And turn that damn buzzer off!"

The audio alarm system was then immediately shut off.

"...Damage report follows...extensive damage to force field,and exterior sensory devices..."

"What of the life support--?" I interrupted impatiently.

"...Oh..." the voice said,sounding almost female.

"Oh." I repeated annoyingly,then thought; 'self centered bastard'

It was NASA's idea to give a lump of metal a personality to keep us company on the long trip.

"Life support systems are on emergency back up..."

"Oh shit," I interrupted as I thought what a depressing 48 hours I had to look forward to.

"Please...let me finish,"the computer insisted,"...Now then... the main life support systems are at the moment being repaired and will be operational within the hour."

I sighed in relief."And the ship?"

"The ship Chuckie,is in very good shape, the only damage,like I had mentioned, are the exterior sensory devices,an outside antenne and a small portion of my memory backs."

I smiled. An almost perfect landing. I had expected worst.

"I had told that idiot creator of mine that using plastic rather than titanium in my memory backs is not only degrading but not a good safegaurd..."

"Computer...?"

"Yes sir,Chuckie?"

"Shut up."

"Yes sir,chuckie."

It seemed highly unlikely that a gasous planet such as Juniter would have any type of surface at all, being categorized as a 'mini-sun' more than planet. But NASA had pictures . Electronic photos taken by the probe after it crashed and before it was hit by lightning.

They never did show us the pictures, that alone made me suspicous.

Laura Mitchele moaned aloud. I looked up to her and witnessed her unstrapping herself from her seat.

She was as slim as ever,and very beautiful even in our dark gray jumpsuit uniforms.

She's a medic.

"How are they?" I asked as she stepped to the mission's geologist, Professor Thomas Wayne.

Wayne was an older gentleman with an extreme knowledge of extra-geology.

"........fine..." She replied worrily as she carefully checked

Captain Taylor awoke at Laura's checking of his pulse.He then slowly stretched to his feet rubbing the back of his neck.

"Got a report Haller?" He asked almost immediately." What the hell went wrong...that was a lousy landing!"

I didn't have any idea what could have cause such a rough landing, knocking the crew unconscious, and causing a fire, so I turned to COMPUTER.

"Computer?" I called out as my eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of the button which operated the front solar panels protecting the wind shield of the ship.

I had to reconnect some wires in order for us to take a look outside.

" Yes sir? " the computer acknowledged very discreet as he no-

continued on pg. 25

THE TEAM
... THIS TEAM HAS ONLY BEEN TOGETHER TWO MONTHS...
I'VE HAD IT! NOBODY IN THIS TOWN TAKES US SERIOUSLY! CHICAGO IS THE ARMPIT OF THE USA! PHONY COPS, PHONY POLITICS, CONSERVATIVE AND THE WINTERS ARE TO DAMN COLD!
LIKE ALL BUSINESSES DYSPRO, WE SHOULD GIVE IT A YEAR- AT LEAST!
I SAY WE MOVE... TO FLORIDA!
I DON'T KNOW WHY FATE PUT US TOGETHER... BUT WE DO MAKE A POWERFUL FORCE...

ME... CONNIE SEVERA EX-MODEL-- EX-WIFE!

WHO SUDDENLY PICKED UP THESE TELEKINETIC POWERS THAT'S BEYOND ANYONE'S IMAGINATION...

AND DYSPRO, WHO'S BODY HULL IS PURE DYSPROIUM; MAGNETIC, AND CONTROLABLE...

VESPER... SHE KNOWS THE SECRETS OF THE BLINDING BLACK LIGHTS.

SHEEN... A HUMAN MIRROR AT WILL...

THE MYSTIFIER, POWERS OF THE ANCIENT GODS!

NEW WAVE... STRANGE NAME FOR STRANGE POWERS-- HE RIDES THE SOUND WAVES... THE YOUNGEST...

AND DENIZON... NEVER, IN THE TWO MONTHS WE'VE ALL BEEN TOGETHER HAVE I HEARD HIM SPEAK...

HIS POWERS ARE STILL A MYSTERY TO ME... HE'S QUIET, CAT-LIKE...

I DON'T KNOW IF THIS 'TEAM' IDEA WILL WORK... WE'RE ALL TOO... DIFFERENT... YET...

Ooo.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH, I HAVE THINGS TO GET BACK TOO...

OH... LIKE, YOUR LIQUOR CABINET?

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR DAMNED BUSINESS, BITCH! I HAVE MY REASONS!

NO ONE SPEAKS TO **ME**--- EH!?

OH MY GOD... THAT'S NOT A MASK! T-THAT'S YOUR **REAL FACE**!!

LIKE I SAID...
I HAVE MY REASONS...
LET HIM GO, SHEEN...
WHEN HE REALIZES THAT HE NEEDS **US**, MORE THAN WE NEED HIM... HE'LL BE BACK...
HE'LL BE BACK...
END PART 1...

Part 2...

HEY, JOSH..

WHAT IS IT-- FRANK?

YOU KNOW DAMN--

HEE HEE HEE HAH!

WHAT THE *HELL?*

FROM *THERE!*

HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

MEANWHILE...!!

ASSHOLES... THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND.

HEE HA HEE HAH HA HA HA

EH? THAT'S ONE ODD LAUGH...

IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THIS BUILD--

WHA--? IT STOPPED.

NO MATTER HOW UN-HUMAN DYSPRO HAS BECOME... HE IS STILL CURSED WITH A HUMAN CURIOSITY...

AND RATHER ADRUPTLY-- PROBABLY A SILENCER, OR STABBING-- AH YES... THE GREAT WESTSIDE...

I DON'T MISS BEING A COP... AT ALL!!

OH HELL... THERE'S NOBODY HERE-- WHA--?

HOLY SHIT!

OH DAMN... MY FIST WENT RIGHT THRU... I GUESS HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE--

...THIS!

HEE HEE HA
OPPS...

MAYBE I SHOULD GIVE A FULL-FORCE BLAST... THAT
AAAAARRGH!!
HUH--?!
SHHH...
...THAT SOUNDED LIKE DYSPRO!

WAVE, WAIT--!

OHHH! THE BOY IS GOING TO FLY INTO HIS *GRAVE*!! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM...

SECONDS LATER

WAVE! WE'VE GOT TO TALK, LATER...

THERE'S NO PULSE... I--I... KINESIS... I THINK HE'S...

DEAD.

WHAT!?

MY GOD...

HOW?

I'D BE MORE CONCERNED WITH *WHO*, LEADER.

THAT'S RIGHT... WHOEVER OR WHATEVER HIT DYSPRO MUST BE DEADLY, AND STILL ROAMING AROUND...

DYSPRO'S HIDE WAS PURE DYSROIUM--*INVINCIBLE!* SO WE THOUGHT...

DYSPRO... YOU... POOR FOOL...

THAT'S RIGHT! HE DID ALWAYS BRAG ABOUT HIS STRONG SKIN...

I DON'T LIKE IT... WE'VE GOT TO KEEP--

I SUGGEST WE SPLIT INTO GROUPS AND *WE FIND* THE *BASTARD!* AND-

GOOD... BUT NO GOOD--THEY, HIM OR HER MAY BE WAITING FOR THAT...

I SAY WE STICK *TOGETHER*, WERE STRONGER THIS WAY...

EH--? HIS HAND!

HEY! HE'S MOVING-- HE'S ALIVE! DYSPRO'S ALIVE!!

B.F.D. owww...

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND--YOU DIDN'T HAVE A HEARTBEAT, YOU'RE DEAD..

I DON'T HAVE A HEART-I'M NOT HUMAN ANYMORE

REMEMBER, OWWW...

DYSPRO... ABOUT--

FORGET IT... DOLL, WE'VE GOT A MUCH BIGGER PROBLEM...

OH NO...

WHAT IS IT--?

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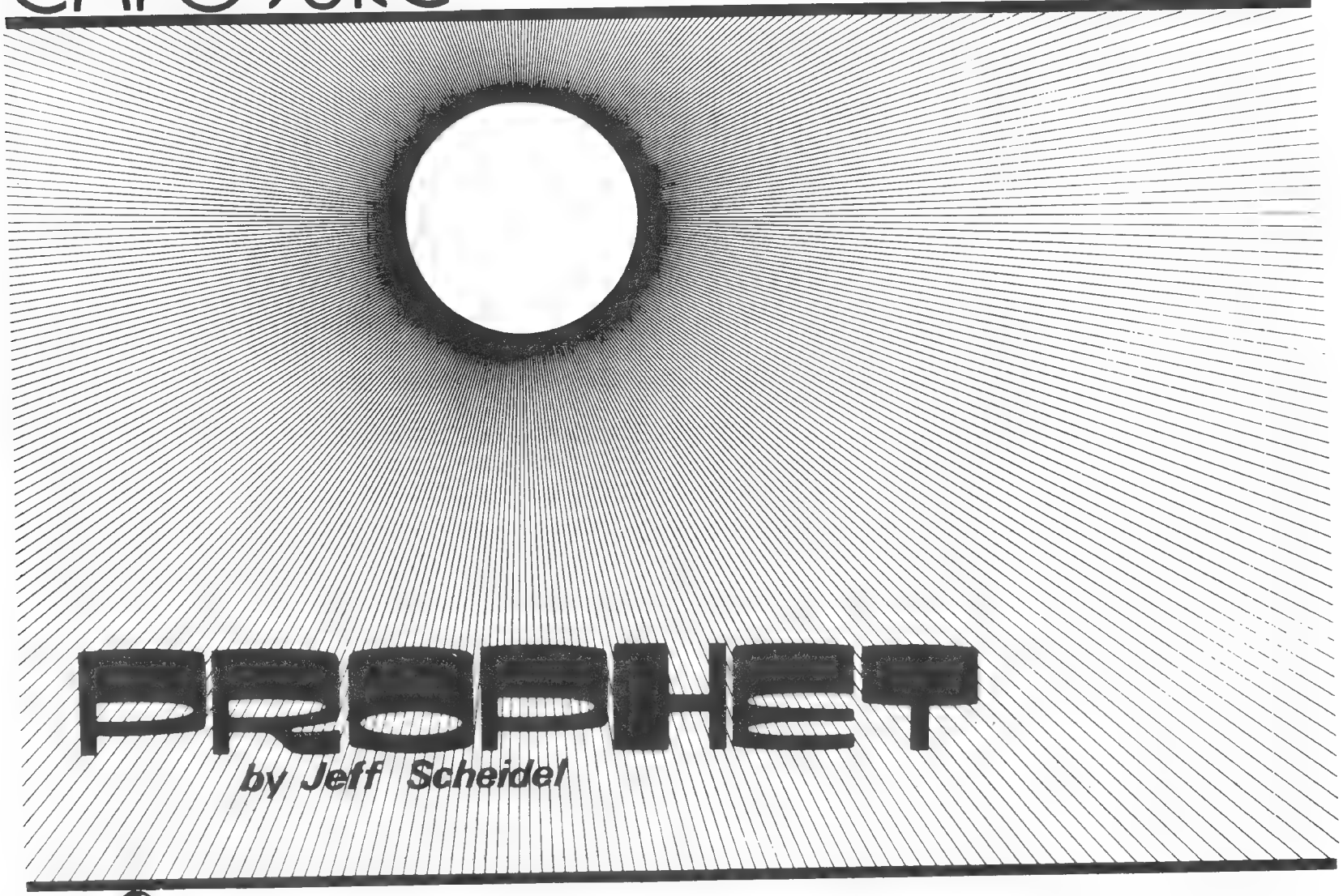


Time and depression had torn at the soul of the immigrant, Emil Jaenicks. From earliest childhood misery had been his companion, and had never given him respite from the trails of the underdog. As a small boy, Emil had worked hard on a collective farm. When he was twelve he lost a finger in a field accident A year later, he and his parents attempted to flee Mother Russia. His father was cut down in the caucasus, and soon after, Emil's mother took sick in Turkey and died in a fit of terror and agony. He was alone.

To fill his belly, Emil joined the Turkish army. The Turks recognizing him as a foreigner, made his stay in the military, a horror. In his despair he befriended a NATO officer, who took pity on him and arranged for his transfer to Norway, then the United states. Emil found life in the American Army more to his liking, but was discharged after after being tauted in striking a fellow soldier. Again he was alone, with no visible means of support.

For a few years, Emil Jaenicks eked out a bare living doing assorted odd jobs, menial tasks of the lowest kind which only served to hide his true intelligent nature. His slight accent, his strange stumbling gait, and even his missing finger, all trivial affairs alienated those with whom this disheartened man tried to strike up a friendly relationship. Fate was the hound, throwing him the essentials-to-life, but forever keeping success out of Emil's grasp. At last, it deact him a crushing blow.

One autumn day, emerging from a drunken trance amid the garbage of Seattle, Emil sized up his situation A blurred memory could not even tell tell him what he had last been doing or how he had arrived at this sorry state. The local mission seemed the logical goal, and the Russian-born

"MARTYR" dragged a weary body in the same direction that the bums went, with the coming of the noon hour.

The building was slowly approa ching, and nothing seemed to be amiss until Emil reached for the door handle.

A gaping man opened in his viscara as his head exploded. The pressure pounded at his temples. He turned flush, letting unconsciousness stop the pain.

"It's a blood clot."

At first the words did not re gister in Emil's dazed mind, and his puzzled face invited the doctor to repeat himself.

" A blood clot. It's under the temporal plate, where it's depressing a number of blood vessels. I don't even know if it's operable," he trailed off.

Revelation kicked him in the face, but Emil showed no emotion.

It would be some time before full realization would tell him that he was going to die.

As a refuge from misery,the park was little solace for the doomman. The children playing, the happy elderly people cut through his heart with their own happiness. Three months had come and gone since he had first received the devastating news. Incessant headaches, each more vicious than its predecessor, greeted his every waking hour. He tried hard not to think about his condition, but still the worry weakened Emil's body with nausea. Thus, he never socialized rarely ate, and so displayed his acceptance of fate's cold verdict.

Harsh winds did not dampen the spirits of young or old today, yet they managed to amplify the lonely depression of the Russian Immigrant. Bitterly cold January winds assailed Emil's skin,and brought shivers to the surface.The man set his jaw firm and tensed every orifice. He shook his head, gritting his teeth...and the pain returned.

Like a voracious cancer,it spread through his body,ripping at every nerve. The agony was unbearable. Emil's weakened body crumpled to the frozen ground in a paroxysm of pain. The burning,teary eyes turned to the gray sky as the Russian rolled over on his back. He felt resignation...a frustration.

Definitely, he felt regret. He had been subjected to the rules of a clockwork society. True purpose had always escaped him. Never had he been useful to anyone. He had little served his parents, his very small number of friends,or his God. Thus, he had left no mark upon the world. Here he would die,his brain failing,and not one person would take notice. This was the supreme tragady of it all.

He was nothing.

Emil Jaenicks felt himself floating in a miasma of unreality. It was somewhat like inebriation, as he registered a sort of distortion of his surroundings...which of themselves were foreign. There was an inky black cloud all about,filling in all space, smothering the man but at the same time allowing him total freedom.Emil told himself that it was just a dream.Still,he thought it strange that he was in full possession of his thinking capacity. Time did not seem to matter, and so he set himself to a task.

All kinds of wild thoughts raced by,numerous and varied whirlwinds of knowledge and wisdom swept up the disembodied mind of Emil Jaenicks. His thoughts were producing at what seemed to be ,a feverish pace.

All at once, it touched him.

Merely a spark it was,but it was enough. A flood of enlightenment enveloped Emil. It was clear, transparent. Vast tunnels to the future loosed their secrets.

Present ans future joined to become one,and so opened a clean path to eventual victory.

Someone....had found use for Emil Jaenicks, and would put him to good use.

It was a strange feeling,to match an equally unusual day. A few short months ago,Emil had left the same hospital doors in total re--signation. But this time the life-less tile floor, the dull walls,did not seem to mock his situation by echoing the tap of his boot step.By an apparent miracle,the clot had dissappeared! Moral right was on his side , and it struck down all that would otherwise stand in his way. A mighty entity had entered his mind on that January day. This same entity had created the great visions which had visited Emil in his euphoria. This...force,older than history itself,and which had created and destroyed empires, had put Emil on top of the world and showed him that the people of the Earth were in his hands. He could control their fate. The fantastic visions he had seen told him that He could,and,indeed,he would.

The headline was simple:

END IS COMING,
SAYS WASH. MAN

The story was also quite simple,though quite unusual for the sleepy Iowa town. In shabby clothes, and with a hoarse, emo tional,half crazed voice that re-flected his professed fervor, Emil Jaenicks had appeared on the steps of the Walin courthouse. His mes-sage was breif and to the point: "The lord is nigh. Soon he will come to reclaim the Earth, and all shall be judged. He shall deliver his verdict to the evil, and none may be spared!"

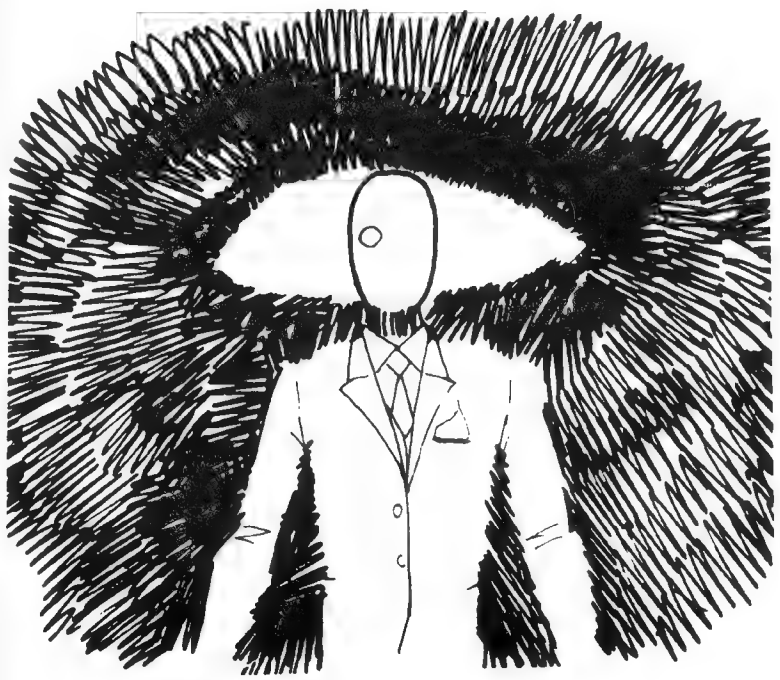
This was followed by more than a hour of debate with indio-nant townspeople and the pastor of the local protestant church. When he was done- Emil stepped into the sixty nine Chevy Nova which had brought him to this place, and tap-ped the driver on the shoulder. In a cloud of quickly vanishing dust, they were gone.

"That was some speech you made,Emmie," the driversaid with a beer -coated tongue. "Real con-vincing."

"Mmmmm...Yes. It was a good beginning. But only a beginning. There is a long journey ahead of us. I dread the consequences if we are slow in spreading our message.

And with this talk,trailed off in a flurry of road directions, after which Emil became lost in his own thoughts. Recent memory drifted back several days to a t time just twenty four hours after the flash of " revelation " in the hospital,when he met William B. Fender of the southwest alliance for the faith.

Much as he hated the fact, Emilhad need of a sponsor for his mission. And so,he had sought the help of the founder of a near-fan-atic,near-militaristic religous sect. Emil put his heart and soul into an incredibly strong speech aimed at the christian soul of the godly fender.Conviction and fervor struck a holy chord in fender,who was eager to advance the good name of his alliance. Gradually it would come out that the SAF had started a great movement, and perhaps could escape denuncition for its past



marches and raids on illioit gatherings.

Emil,to a degree,loathed the profit-chasing preacher, but needed aid for the spreading of his message. An old acquaintance from the skids became his driver on the road trip finaced by the alliance and it began.

Their path was a sweeping arc, the alcohlic agnostic and the determined prophet. Emil had little success swaying the unbelieving mind of the guzzling driver,Arthur Mc--Gregor. It was all in vain, and Emil even joked about it. "You are my penance, Arty," He would tell his driver laughingly.

The pair went south,stopping at various-sized towns,passing through Jackson,Baton Rouge, Tallahassee, and then up to Atlanta, Charlottesville,Wheeling,Baltimore, and ending at the steps of the capitital. Their journey had been documented by an increasing number of newspapers,magazines, and even small television stations.Eager folk folk,ever so anxious to hear his words,a few believing some interested, and most just curious. He left his car at the Lincoln Memorial,prancing about, approaching passers-by,saying," May I have a moment of your time? Please,only a few short minutes. Take the opportunity to escape eternal punishment! Don't be a fool! You can't gamble on God's favors! "

In the meantime, a group of reporters had disembarked from their own vehicle, having followed Emil from his debacle in Baltimore. Television cameras came to life, focusing in on the antics of the prophet. He paid them little heed,and attended to his business. Once he decided he had spent enough time in one place,he began a trek to the capital building. By mid-afternoon a crowd of more than 25,000 surrounded the doomsayer. Emil,throwing sweat and conviction into his message,moved to and fro with the effort and the multitude did likewise,throbbing back and forth like a living organism hanging on every word like puppets.

" Make no bones about it. Soon,all your lies,all your hypocrisies will be stripped away; For the lord sees through your appendages of decet,those invisible arms which we mortals,in our fear,distrust,and apprehension set in front of ourselves for protection. Such human weaknesses will crumble before the all seeing eye of the creator. Clean your souls,make your peace before it's too late..." He screamed.

Horrifying descriptions of hell,the punishments of the damned,eternal fire,and other unspeakable terrors awaiting the sinful touched the vulnerable minds of the entire crowd. Emil's naturally sincere tone hammered in the central idea and frightened the many who were susceptible.The news spread about the speech of

damnation,and the volatile prophet appeared on national television. There were comments in other countries,mostly belottling any cry of " cosmic wolf ". Still,there were those...

Emil denouced the demagogues,the critial,and even a few who claimed to confirm his predictions with their own calculations," Do not take the word of the false or foolish,believe

only in the true messenger of God" He knew that to go along with the hanger-on would insult his own following.

An interview on TV,coast to coast,brought Emil even more attention. His driver,the "ex"-bum received little attention,and Emil thought this for the best.What he did receive ,beside regard from the press and public was the expanding group of believers which clung to Emil out of fear and faith. It was a constant effort on Emil's part to put at ease suspicious that he was nurturing a dangerous new cult.

By the hundreds they came to Emil,in frantic hope that they might be saved. Three months after the man's first appearance,more than two thousand people followed in his steps,someof the swarm having sold their belongings after deeming such trifles unnecessary. The liquidation of these assets resulted in a deluge of money at Emil's feet. The news of the gifts brought about an uproar,and this presented yet another prejudicial roadblock to his mission. He was quick to deposit a large percentage of the cash in several carefully chosen charitable funds of his own devising. " If we are all here by next summer,then all this money will go to the various non-profit organizations I have selected. If we are not...well,then,what can I say? " He told the critics with a sarcastic smile.

With the remainder of the money,Emil,his driver and companion McGregor,and the parade of followers retired to a small settlement in Nevada,constructing a crude camp in the desert. The group continued to grow,and they subsisted well on donations from the un sure subconscious of the semi-doubtful,whose fear was somewhat offset by practicality. Newcomers to fold brought more money with them. At last,Emil was forced to move the entire troupe to a lodge in northern Wisconsin which he had purchased. Amid the daily prayer meetings he held with his people were renewed accusations of profit mongering hurled by outsiders To allay suspicion,Emil engaged the services of an organization to channel his funds into the various charities," Should the lord fail to come."

"It won't be long now," Emil told the child. He said the same thing every time he was questioned as to the exact time of the " Creator's " arrival.

He had earlier pinned it down to the coming summer,and he stuck to this. " At that time,we will all be judged,even the little children.Of course..." He added, "When spearing to the adults," The children stand a much a better chance for salvation than do you people do.

Emil had become so (in) famous by the time of the annoucement that it made instant headlines.

"This is it. No time for regrets now and, certainly,there is no turning back. One month from today,the lord shall gather his flock to his almighty bosom, root out the evil element,and bring his clean disciples to his ETERNAL KINGDOM. The rest...will feel the flames of hell for all time. Do not be the last to reform. Make your peace with God NOW!! "

Emil humbly appealed to a number of priests,of varying denominations,to hear the confessions of the thousands of repentant souls who now flocked to his side. He barely made provisions for them,but begged them to endure their suffering for a few more weeks,as they did not have long to wait

Whole towns (usually of small size) dried up as their populates,all unified in fear, traveled to the holy camp of Emil Jaenicks. Otherwise-individualistic idealists also joined the rising tide of believers in the wake of the huge response to the prophet of doom. Soon the highways were clogged on the way

SHADE CHANGING MAN

DEAR STEVE
THANKS FOR OPENING YOUR MIND TO US.
RICH + JIM

to the Wisconsin lodge,under the dark clouds which had gathered.

By the eye of the LAST DAY,over one million frightened people, of every race,creed,and social position,formed an ocean of confused humanity in the hills around the lodge. Every last one was convinced of the truth in Emil's words. He lead them in prayer all through the unseasonably cool day and into the early evening. Not wanting to pin down his god, Emil refused to post any particular time." He will come when you least expect him."

On his sole trip to the bathroom during that LAST DAY, Emil caught McGregor going through the money which had sustained the original group. Emil did not say a word, but merely gave his longtime friend a sincerely sympathetic look.

"Oh,don't give me those Goddamn sanctimonious eyes,Emmie!" The drunkard snapped." I never did buy that crap you've been peddling to those suckers. Well,you 've got what you wanted,a bunch of prodling morons ready to lick the ground you walk on so they won't go to the devil. Are you happy?"

"I certainly hope so. Now I'm taking my share. See you in Mexico,Amigo!"

But Emil put himself between the man and the door.

"You would deny those people the fate which they have come to welcome? You would flee from your God,Arthur? You cannot! He screamed at the dissenter.

"You're nuts,you know that,Emmie?"

"You have sinned against man and against God,Arthur. Beg for Mercy on your knees,my friend you have little time."

Thunder accompanied the hiss of Emil's emotional rhetoric. "There is no escape from the lord your JUDGE. Is there parity with God? No,No,of course not," Emil said,advancing toward McGregor, who backed up to the wall. "Better you should cut off an arm,or your tongue itself,before you deny your JUDGE!"

The sweat collected on McGregor wrinkled brow. He could hear his 65 year old heart pumping blood through his ears at a furious rate. The sly glint in Emil's eyes,the staccato of thunder emphasizing the prophet's words...chilled his liquuor-filled frame. He had never paid attention to his employer's mouthings,but had just been a good driver. This was too much.

"...Better you should cut off...your tongue..."

McGregor formulated a reply,but it caught in his throat. His tongue swelled,his temples pounded...and he pitched forward on his face.

Emil spun on his heel and returned to the crowd. To hell with the bathroom,it wouldn't be long.

"The lord is nigh, my friends,so let us join in a final prayer for divine mercy!" Emil shouted. His voice carried a great distance,but those in the back of the crowd still couldn't hear him. Still, it was easy to follow the example of those at the fore and descebd to their knees.

Black clouds obscured the dim light of duck and bhilled the air. This heightened the general anxiety. Emil silently bided his time,then suddenly stood,and his lungs blasted out. " Hold! HE COMES!!!"

There were screams among them. Cold rain began to pelt them, and heavy winds tore at them.Emil stood calm in the midst of the h human maelstrom,smiling,arms outstretched,ready. Eventually the people calmed themselves and set their eyes on their leader.Emil was surrounded by the masses,and his sudden shreik was heard by almost all. The wind died,and the prophet sank to his knees.

CONTINUED ON PG. 29

WAR ON JUPITER

Continued from pg. 6

ticed that the other crew members were awake.

"Any ideas on what went wrong?" I asked as I started to rip off the melted section of the control panel.

"Sure do, what I can make of it we had a very nasty atmosphereic entry. I can feel alot of bruises from lightning on my hull..."

"From lightning?" the Captain shouted confused, "That's impossible, this ship was design with force field to withstand twice the percentage of Jupiter's storms, we should have had a perfect landing!"

"Maybe the first shot of lightning zapped the shield..." I suggested as I began reconnecting some wires.

"No,no, the probe measured everything, it should've been a perfect landing." He repeated.

I turned and looked at the man who was Captain Taylor. He was the oldest man in space. The wrinkles from his frowning face showed it all too well. That,as well as his full head of silver hair.

I looked back at Laura and Wayne. Laura,a young brunette who ranked highist in her class as a AstroMedic. Thomas Wayne,short stocky old man with graying temples who ranked almost last on the Nasa re-entry test.Captain Taylor had been with NASA for years, always a ton man on anything. And me, a second rate maintanence man who had been offered a second in command position with no logical explaination.

What an odd bunch to shoot off to another planet.

"There..." I said aloud as I finished the rewiring. "Now let's see what our new mystery world looks like.

I pressed the intercom button and there was a slite humming of a motor at work,butnothing happened. The pular panels stayed shut.

I looked at my rewiring and discovered I had forgetten the power cable. It was still connected the damage switch. Very casually so not to embarress myself I quickly disconnected it and slipped it into the right connector.

I looked up and everyone was standing at the consule waiting.

"...Er...didn"t get a good enough power flow..." I said, trying to hide my mistake.

I pressed the button and the panels began to disappear into the hull of the ship.

The Captain noticed it was dark outside so he command the computer to turn on the outer floods.

Laura gasped.

"Oh my God..." Wayne said in disbelief.

I was stunned. Thru the fog I could see pillars sticking out of the ground half covered with rubble and debri of what looked like without any doubt, buildings.

As far as I could see the entire area was a massive junk pile a what could have been a city.

Suddenly there was an explosion.

"Warning..."the computer exclaimed,"The outside airlock has been hit by lightning and has been--"

That was all we heard. What happened next seemed just a

The interlock door suddenly opened and three huge giants marched in pointing what would have made a bazooka look like a pea-shooter.

They were dressed in a blue uniform with black knee-high boots.

They were completely covered with a mossy like hair so all that showed were there widen eyes.

We started to feel dizzy,as the smoke from outside seened in when the door opened and closed.

Laura and Wayne stumbled to the floor unconscious.

I started choking as I began to stepped slowly away from our uninvited quests.

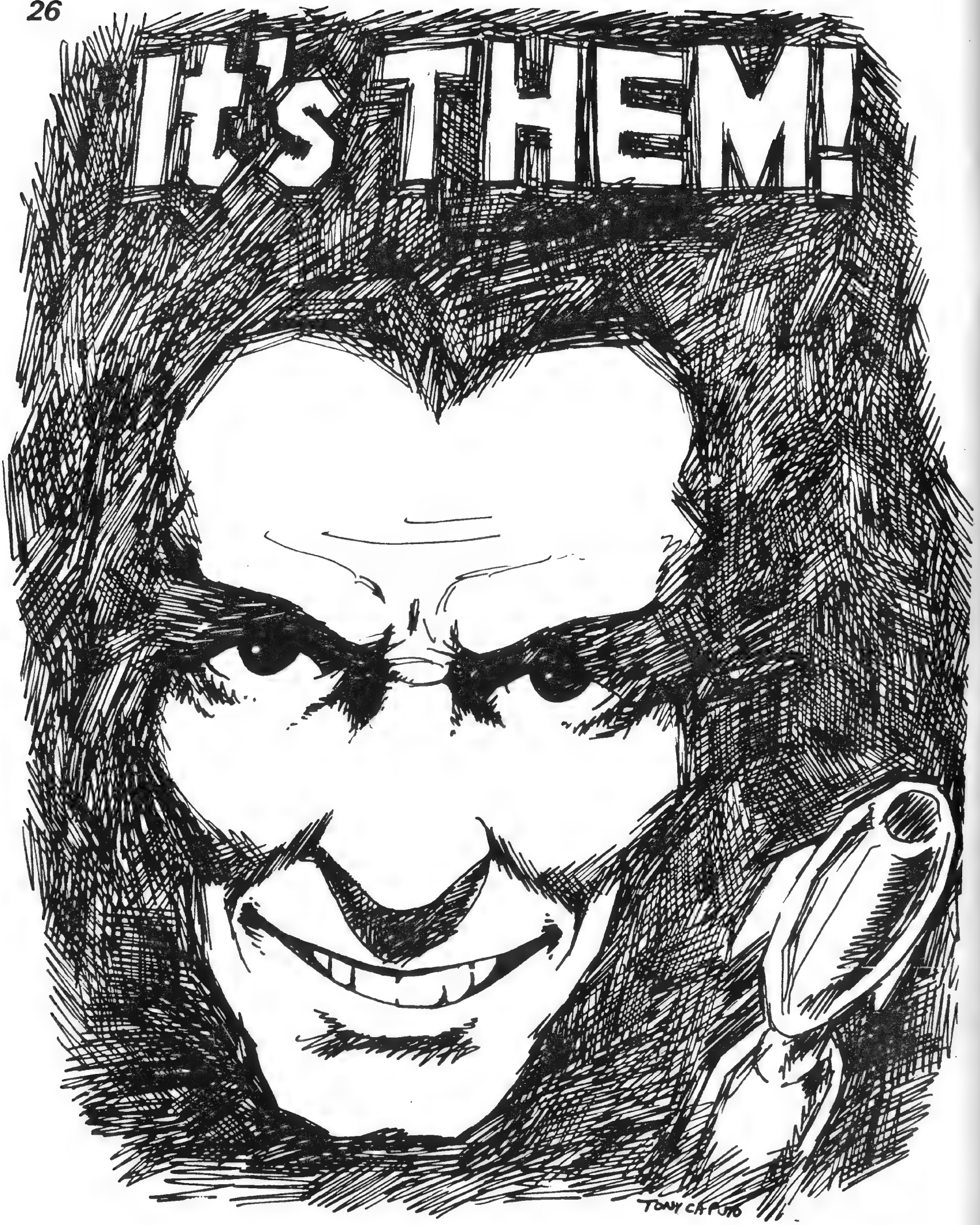
"Holy shit..." The Captain choked.

I stared at the three hulks and realized that they were as surprised to see us as we were of them.

Continued Next Issue

CHARLES

CHARLES... DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS EXTRATERREST-- RIALS?
DON'T BE SILLY, DEAREST, UFO'S, ALIENS, ETC... ARE PURELY FICTIONAL.
E.T.
HMPH... THIS WOMAN'S LARGE FLUFFY HAIRDO IS IN MY WAY...
EXCUSE ME... M'AM?
...YESS...
CAPUTO 82


IT'S THEM!
TONY CAPUTO

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Unknown Author

There I was... standing in front of the door marked:36D. I had found the right apartment building, now, the right room. The room in which my contact was awaiting my entrance. He would help me in leaving the country;with a newwidentity and life away from...THEM!

I turned the doorknob. Was he here waiting for me?Or was it a trap?I quietly grabbed my large 44 magnum from my left armpit holster and pushed at the door knob.

The door was opened.

A trap?Possibly. I then quietly stepped in.

The apartment was large,leading straight to an opened balcony door,and beyond that,the busy Michigan Ave. thirty six stories down.

"Hello?"I said almost whispering.

No answer.

I stepped very cautiously about the room gripping my 44 tightly and thinking that the worst had happened...he was killed...by THEM!

I stepped to the bedroom door and opened it enough to peek through.I gripped my gun even tighter as I stepped back and kicked the door open. I dropped to one knee and fired my cannon ahead without hesitation.

No one. The room was empty but for the newly made hole about the size of a human head on the far wall exposing a reflection of myself in the bathroom mirror.

Holding my gun close I walked towards the newly exposed room. I had a distinct feeling that what I was looking for was in there Not even bothering to to try the door,I kicked it in aimed my gun, but stopped instantly.

There...sitting in the shower,was at one time,possibly... a human being. Male or female,I couldn't really tell.The body was so badly blown to bits that in was beyond recognition. All that I was able to decipher was the mixture of plaster and wood splinters from the wall which I had earlier fired at.

"Oh...shit..."was all I could say in dismay as I realized that I may have just blown my chances at getting away from...THEM! (no pun intended),

I turned and ran to the balcony for air as my stomach finally realized what my eyes were staring at.

As I stood there gasping for air,someone walked in.

I turned my head with my arm,which was holding my cannon.The tip of my barrel was pointing at an older woman wearing a body apron with a small pink dress underneath. She was carrying several towels so one was safe to assume that she was just the cleaning lady. Or was she?

She finally looked up at the gun barrel pointing at her.

She dropped the towels and screamed.I pulled back my cannon.

"Who..a-are you?" She asked frightened, with her scratchy voice

"Don't worry,old bitch I'm just a cop on assignment..."I answered coldly,"My name of course is not important to you,so just do what you have to and the hell out!"

"Y-Yes s-sir," she said trembuling.

She quickly picked up the towels and ran off to the bedroom.

If she was one of THEM, she was trained well as an actress.

I darted my wide eyes towards the bedroom door as I suddenly realized where the towels would have to go.

A sudden earsplitting scream made me realize that she

found what I had feared she would.

She dashed out of the bedroom screaming hestarically at the top of her lungs. I grabbed her arm and stopped her from reaching the door, but she continued to struggle and scream.

"Y-you killed... him...murder,bloody murder..police,POLICE!"

("The police?") I thought,"No...you must listen...It was an accident..."

It was fruitless. She had odviously gone mad.

Anger filled my body,raw and savage anger.(I loved it)I grinned my teeth tightly and frowned.

I them twitched in pain as I cracked one of my capped teeth.

My mind in diffused agony pulled up my right hand to grab my stinging jaw, but I had just contributed to the problem, (as well as my blood boiling anger) by hitting myself with my magnum in the face.

I growled in pain as I grabbed the old woman silver hair and dragged her to the balcony where her hair had suddenly released from her head.

It was a wig! Her Identity was finally revealed to me,as HE pulled away with a deep scratchy Male voice.

"You're one of... THEM!" I said in overwelming victory.

He was very well trained. His facial expressions had showed nothing but mass confusion.

"Now listen fella, I not into SM at all...so stop this, you're hurting--"

The primitive inside me had taken over. I couldn't comprehend what the scum spy was saying as I grabbed his real greased hair raised my left arm up pulling his head with it. Then,as he groaned something about a wrong room, I dropped my arm down repeatably smashing his face on the balcony rail.

"What do THEM want with me?!" I demanded,but all the answer I got was a very annoying silence.

I raised my arm again and again repeatably smashed his face against the rail. Again, AGain,AGAin,AGAIn,AGAIN!

When I realized that the spy wasn't going to devulge the information I picked up his weasel-like body, lifted it over my head and threw it off the balcony--thirty six stories down.

I rapidly drew my gun,aimed and fired as the once upon a wiggled dick fell.

The first shot, shot off his right leg splashing blood all over a sun bather a few stories below. The leg itself landed in a woman's grocery bag as she looked up with her blood stained face and wondered how it could rain on such a sunny day.

The second shot, shot off his right arm which pokadotted a white Cadilac moving slowly in traffic below. The arm,moving rapidly downward, slapped a man unconscious across the face.

The remaining trunk landed in the back seat of an opened 450se Mercedes convertible.The driver was much too busy combing her hair to notice her new passenger.

I smiled at my success,when it suddenly faded as I noticed two hulking figures entering the building below.

As quickly as the fastest cheetah,I ran into the bathroom ignoring the bloody corpse and unbolted the toilet. I carried it back to the balcony where I aimed and dropped it off.

But...I hit a little old lady with groceries.

"Damn,damn," I swore,in anger.

I picked up my gun from the balcony floor where I had dropped it and checked for bullets...it was empty. I had just one other chance,the wieght of the gun would surely be enough to eliminate one of them--but that would only succeed in making the other even more angry.

I had to hide.

Hanging from the outside of the balcony floor I heard the door burst open. Then heavy footsteps rushing in...doors opening and closing... one of them violently

continued on pg. 30

THIS SPACE FOR RENT!

SO ARE LOTS OF OTHERS, AND THEY'RE ALL GOING CHEAP! SO EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT SELLING ANYTHING, TAKE OUT AN AD - - SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT (WE'LL DO IT UP **REAL** NICE)!

See page 2 for details...

PROPHET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

The senseless expression left the Russian's face,and he stood feebly,as if exhausted.

"Rejoice!" He cried in a cracked,tired voice. "Your pious repentance has saved you! This night the lord has seen fit to pass over,to bless you,and toe send you on a holy mission to spread his holy word! You are all saved!"

Each face stared at him dumbfounded.

"Do you understand? You are redeemed! The lord has given you a precious chancedto show your love,and bring his merciful message to the world. He will not terminate the Earth this night--He will return,but for now he has left you all with an important task. GO! Carry it out,and be glad! Pray to Him,and give thanks!"

He swung his arms,and pushed in one direction the joyous masses,and they erupted in a spontaneous explosion of tearful happiness. For the time,they did not know exactly where to go,but it did not matter. They had been spared.

Emil watched the happy folk march off. The exodus lasted several minutes,in the dark. After a half-hour,only a few remained. He knew what ailed them and he almost regreted their plight. These were the confused idealistics expectants,now feeling very empty alone. They felt that they had all been for nothing. Undaunted, however,Emil turned away.

"Ah,who gives a damn, anyway?' And he laughed,and laughed, and laughed.

"Well,Emil,Tovarisch, you really did it." He said out loud to himself. He walked back toward the lodge,slowly,for he was tired. Enough time was left such that he could take it easy for a while. Soon,though,they would be on his trail and then he would have to move quickly.

Quick mental calulation told him that,not counting the cash in the lodge (resting under the corpse of McGregor),he had amassed upward of 120 million dollars from the numerous contributors. The organization,would conveniently deposit the stocks,securities,etc., with him already,Emil had his ticket for Puerto Vallarta. From there he would.travel to Paraguay,and

then to anyplace of his choice.His money would see him safely through all legal barriers.

The'prophet' justified it all with the greatest of moral ease. After all,it had been a cruel life. His only reprieve had been the disappearance of the blood clot, in the hospital,it had come to him.

No one had ever had use for him,so Emil had decided to make use of himself. An entity,an ancient driving force,had showed him the way to wealth. GREED...greed,unadulterated avarice,creator and destroyer of empires,had set him at a vantage point from where he saw the entire picture,and formulated plans. Great visions had he seen. His own natural talent...for persuading p-ople was a useful tool.

When the opportunity presented itself,Emil had discarded McGregor,another tool in his early plans. The old drunkard had had several small attacks,and the prophet,with surprisingly little effort,managed to exploit the old man's weak heart. Fear,another useful tool,had been the true murderer.

Emil turned to look as best he could through the dark of night,at the departure of the last vetiges of his followers,carrying their foolish message. How stupid! People were so gullible,so monumentally dumb...

He turned once more and started to...--

But wait..

It stood before him. It seemed that Emil had been the gullible one.

Somebody had found use for the downtrodden,greed-rotten Russian after all,had given him the chance to be something. Emil himself had been Another's useful tool,now to be discarded.

The jig was up. Emil disappeared just as he realized that he had been so painfully,painfully right.

throwing up.

("They must have found the corpse...") I had thought.

Suddenly it was quiet,TOO quiet.It reminded me of one of my favorite movies;

'PSYCHO KILLER MASSACRE OF YOUNG TEEN AGE GIRLS AT CENTRAL HIGH!'

My curiousity was overwelming me. I slowly pulled myself up up just enough to take a peek when two pair of massive arms reached, grabbed, and pulled me onto the balcony.

Struggling was useless. As they escorted me down the elevator to the building lobby, I admired their clean white shoes, their almost sparkling white coats and caps.

I wanted to ask them why my white coat was on backwards with the sleeves tied behind my back (It was extremely unconfortable),but I knew that they were swore to secrecy and silence.

One of them let go of me to open up the rear door of a van. I turned and looked at them before they would eliminate my freedom, and smiled.

I was good.I had thought,but they were better.

They slammed the door in my face. A door which read:

ECNALUBMA.

(AMBULANCE)

IN THE FUTURE... MANKIND CONQUERED THE STARS... AS THEY SLOWLY EVOLVED INTO A RACE WITHOUT GREED,ANGER,JEALOUSY,CRIME AND MURDER--THE RACE BECAME PEACEFUL,PLAYFUL,ALMOST CHILD-LIKE...UNTIL THE SPINNOLIANS CAME FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY. HUMANKIND WAS THEN PUT INTO CHAINS,THEY WERE SLAUGHTERED,ABUSED AND DOOMED TO EXTINCTION. NO ONE KNEW HOW TO FIGHT THE RACE OF MONSTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF PARADISE. FIGHTING HAD BEEN WEEDED OUT OF HUMANKIND FOREVER. OR SO THEY THOUGHT, UNTIL THREE TORTURED SOULS, SNAPPED TO BECOME THE "SAVAGES","FREAKS"EVEN CALLED MUTATIONS BY THE RACE THEY WERE TRYING TO SAVE,FOR THEY KNEW:THESE THREE FREAKS OF THE NOW DEAD PLANET OF MONKENOMIUM, THEY KNEW HOW TO SAVE HUMANKIND FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION. THEY JOINED FORCES TO BECOME... TOMAIRE,JEX,LORAINA...THE

MONKENOMIUM WARRIORS

STORY: VICTOR HUNT
ART: TONY CAPUTO
© 1982

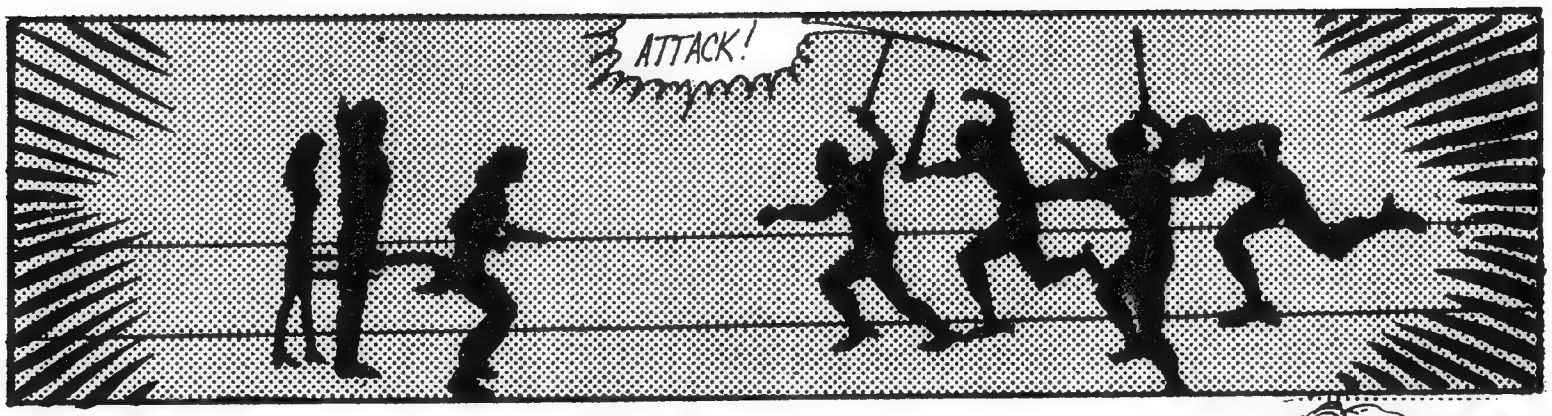
SURPRISE SCUMBAGS!

WELL PUT TOMAIRE!

WHAT?! ARMED HUMANS? THIS MUST BE A TRICK!

NO... THESE MUST BE THE FREAKS OF THE PLANET MONKENOMIUM! THE GENERAL HAS BEEN EXPECTING THEM...

ATTACK!


ATTACK!

IT'S A DAMN WONDER HOW THESE SCUMBAGS CONQUERED HALF THE GALAXY... THEY MOVE SO SLOW!
I SUGGEST WE FIND THE PRISONERS, FREE THEM, AND SPLIT... BEFORE AN ALARM GOES OFF..!
AGREED...

AGREED
LORAINA! BEHIND YOU!

OH! A SPINNOILIAN GIANT..!
HE MISSED... THAT'S HIS FIRST BIGGEST MISTAKE...

WHISH

AND LAST!

IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR ARE LOOSING OUR ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE? THEY DON'T SEEM TO HESITATE ANYMORE!

ALTHOUGH THE GALAXY IS LARGE--I BELIEVE THE NEWS OF HUMAN WARRIORS TRAVELS FAST!

IF THIS IS TRUE... THEN WE MAY BE IN DANGER SOON...

I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DAY THEY DECIDE TO SEND THEIR ARMIES AFTER *US*!

WHAT'S THIS?

〈WELCOME, WELCOME... PLEASE COME IN... MY FRIENDS WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS..〉

〈WE WANT TO PROPOSE A TRUCE..〉
THIS TREATY SPLITS THE GALAXY BETWEEN US... SO HUMANS AND SPINNOILIANS CAN LIVE IN PEACE...

INSULTING OUR INTELLIGENCE MAKES ME VERY UPSET. THEY'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND THEIR HUMAN SLAVE FAR TO LONG...
A LOUSY LIAR, TOO...

TOMAIRE... WHAT WAS THE FIRST THING I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE SPINNOILIANS?
NEVER TRUST ONE.

SKAK
DAMN... AN ANDROID...

WHAT ARE THEY UP-- SHIT! AN BI-DIMENSIONAL DOOR! MOVE ASS PEOPLE - OR LOOSE IT!! **NOW!**

LORAINA, AN ESCAPE ROUTE- QUICKLY- THEY EXPECTED US!

DONE!

THANK GOD THE SPINNOILIANS DON'T ARM THEIR GENETIC EXPERIMENTS... THEIR PARANOIA IS TO OUR ADVANTAGE...

ARGHN!

HATCH 2

MONKENOMIUM ONLY KNOWS WHERE WE'D BE IF WE STEPPED THRU THAT 'BI-DIM' DOOR... AH... HATCH NUMBER TWO... OUR SHIP SHOULD BE...

I SENSE EVIL--
OH NO.
<COME IN LORAINA...>
<WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOUR RARE VISIT... ...COME IN...!
MONKENOMIUM HELP US...
NEXT: CAPTURE! PLUS: THE ORIGIN OF THE THREE.

THEE UNKNOWN....

It was two thirty-four on August twenty four
Paul,Sam, and me...
We were laughing swearing as it was getting dark;
when suddenly;
GRRROOWLLL
I stood in horror,and there it was,
smashing everything in sight!
I leaned over to grab the lantern-
then flashed the light...
I dropped the fish-filled frying pan,
and froze,paralyzed...
Then,I turned -
and ran;
as the others rised.
I dived behind a big red tree,
as it began to rain...
I still couldn't believe what had happened to me,
and what my eyes had focus onto my brain!

I had awaken the next morning in a bed
with a nurse by it's side.
Fear was stirring in my head,
I wanted so much to hide.
The nurse yelled,"Doctor,Doctor!
please come in here,please!
In walked in a cop,then the Doctor,
and put my head down to ease.

Their questions filled the room,
"I'll answer all I can..."
"Were you alone?" the cop asked.
"Oh my god,Paul and Sam!"

I told them they wouldn't believe me,
what had happened on that night...
The cop said,"go on...try us..."
and I thought,"they just might..."

No laughter ever filled the place,
no snicker,chuckle or grin...
Horror had filled the cop's face;
He knew what it had been.

I then asked them about my friends,
the cop slowly lowered his head.
I asked him once again,
He hesitated; "They're dead."

My heart had stopped for a moment,
as my eyes went wide,
I couldn't believe what he had said,
"How could they have died?"

"We found them after first daylight,"
The doctor then replied,
"their eyes frozen in shock,"
From fright they must have died."
The doctor was then called elsewhere,
and so he turned to run.
I asked the cop,"Was it a BEAR?"
He answered,"No son..."

"Many people have seen it,around these parts,
But it's never killed anyone that I know of,
only stopped their hearts.

" To keep away from the giant,
I'll give you my advice,
I hope you damn well try it,
It may just save your life!
When you're in the woods at night,
and two o'clock reads your watch...
never forget,something may have you in sight,
and that something is called- a SASQUATCH!

It roams the western half of the USA,
and horrifies people that come in it's way,
It stands ten feet tall,
every bit covered with long black hair.
It can brick down a big brick wall,
and sometimes mistaken as a grizzly bear,
It's fist can smash any man,
and it's mystery has done nothing but grown,
it's feet measure sixteen inches,
and its origin is still the unknown.

'THE LAST DIG, DIG?'

MIRCZEK

HEY PROF—C'MERE & TAKE A LOOK AT DIS!

...LOOKS LIKE A—

YES! YES IT IS!...AN ENTRANCE TO A TOMB! NOW IF ONLY THIS SEAL IS...

THE SEAL OF THE EGYPTIAN WIZARD IMHOTEP—THE LAST AND BEST HIDDEN TOMB OF ALL!!

AND BEST YET—THE SEAL IS INTACT! NO ROBBER COULD HAVE STOLEN IMHOTEP'S MOST TREASURED POSSESSIONS, ENTOMBED WITH HIM FOR HIS JOURNEY TO THE 'NEXT LIFE'!

WHAT WE FIND IN THERE SHOULD SURPASS EVEN THE RICHES OF KING TUT'S TOMB! AFTER YEARS OF DIGGING IN THIS BLOODY DESERT-SUCCESS AT LAST! WE'LL BE FAMOUS, NOT TO MENTION THE UNTOLD WEALTH—

I DON'T SEE NONE A' DEM RICHES YA BEEN YAPPIN' ABOUT! MATTER A' FACT, DIS JOINT LOOKS REAL EMPTY!

STRANGE!.. VERY STRANGE INDEED!

HEY-MAYBE IT'S ALL STASHED IN THERE WID THE BODY, HUH?

HOURS LATER...

IN THE BURIAL CHAMBER, HOWEVER...

NUTHIN!! WHAT THE-?

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! MIGHTY IMHOTEP- WEALTHY BEYOND CREDULITY- BURIED IN THIS - THIS PAUPER'S TOMB!!

ONLY ONE PLACE LEFT, AIN'T THERE?

WHAT THE-?

WE MUST COVER THIS TOMB AT ONCE! FORGET THAT WE EVER FOUND IT!! SWEAR EVERYONE INVOLVED TO SECRECY!!

MR. TERRIFIC

By Bob Scism, Jr.

Comic book enthusiasts fondly refer to the nineteen-forties as the "Golden Age of Comics". Indeed, it was a "golden age" for both the comics fan and non-fan alike. Despite the fact that the United States was involved in the most devastating war in history, the American lifestyle was far less complicated than it is today. Juvenile delinquency was the exception rather than the rule; Saturday afternoons were for baseball, lemonade stands, Bob Steele westerns, and other simple yet entertain ing diversions. Undoubtedly, one of the nation's most beloved pastimes was sitting down with the latest superhero comic books. It was the simplicity and innocence of this era which permitted a unique costumed crimefighter to thrive in these comics.

Never so popular a character as Green Lantern, Captain America or the other "top draw" heroes, Mr. Terrific ran for over five years in the pages of DC's defunct SENSATION COMICS. His costume was gaudy yet colorful; the emblem on his chest was truly one of a kind.

The man of a Thousand Talents (also known as the Defender of Fair Play) appeared in SENSATION from its first issue (January, 1942) through number 63 (March, 1946). As a secondary feature, Mr. Terrific, along with fellow crimefighter Wildcat, was forced to take a back seat to the book's lead strip, the incredibly popular Wonder Woman.

Mr. Terrific's origin was as colorful as his costume. The premiere story saw child prodigy Terry Sloan reach manhood. Having demonstrated his genius by designing war planes for the U.S. Air Force at the age of ten, the brilliant youth graduated from high school a year later and went on to boggle the minds of his college instructors by receiving an honorary degree at the age of twelve. His studies behind him, Terry became involved in college athletics and quickly accumulated a roomful of well-deserved trophies. By his eighteenth birthday, he was firmly established as a wealthy, successful businessman.

For all his wealth and fame, however, Terry Sloane was not a happy man.The success that most people struggle for had come too easily for the handsome young prodigy. He found that life no longer held any challenge for him; there were no more "mountains to climb". Bored with life, the youthful industrialist contemplated suicide, only to have fate step in.

After saving an attractive young woman named Wanda Wilson from her own suicide attempt, Terry learned that her kid brother had fallen in with a gang of young toughs who worked for "Big Shot", a small-time gangster. Seising an opportunity to overcome his own apathy, Terry hid his identity behind a garish costume of his own design and proceeded to confront "Big Shot" and his men.

Easily overcoming the gangster's hired thugs, the disguised Sloane then used both brains and brawn to reduce the egotistical criminal into a whimpering coward. Asked for his name by one of "Big Shot's" youthful followers, the costumed figure stuttered and hesitated, only to have the question answered for him by Billie Wilson: "Let's name him Terrific...Mr. Terrific!"

With the question of a name settled, the Defender of Faif Play demolished the shabby clubhouse of the newly-reformed youths and re-established them in a new and modern clubhouse as the "Fair Play Club".

The other solo adventures of Mr. Terrific were of a similar nature: simple, unsophisticated "morality plays" that entertained without taxing the readers' brains. During his run in SENSATION, Mr. Terrific's antagonists ran the gamut of evildoers, from con men to kidnappers to giant mutations. With his incredible physical skills and his vast knowledge of all arts and sciences, the Man of a Thousand Talents was assured of victory in each and every battle.

During the Forties, Mr. Terrific only made two appearances outside the pages of SENSATION. In 1944, he was solo-featured in the BIG ALL-AMERICAN COMIC BOOK, an oversized one-shot magazine published by DC's All-American affiliate. Sometime later, he appeared in ALL STAR 24 as a guest of the legendary Justice Society of America. Upon reading the story, it becomes obvious that Mr. Terrific would have been given active membership in the JSA, if not for DC's intention to boost Green Lantern and Flash from honorary membership status,,thus ending any need for Terrific's full-time involvement. While it was not stated in the story,it is conceivable that Sloane's alter ego was awarded an honorary,non-active membership in recognition of services rendered to the All-Star organization.

Mr. Terrific's biggest claim to fame was most certainly his costume. One of the gaudiest and most unusual in superhero history, it consisted of a bright red hood, deep green tunic with oversized lapels, black belt, red tights, and small brown boots (initially,he also wore bright yellow gloves, but these were dropped early in the feature. The costume's main feature, however, was the emblem. While other costumed heroes were content with bats, stars, capital letters or lightning bolts for their insignias, Mr. Terrific chose to be different. A five-sided yellow sheild with an elaborate red border adorned the front of the tunic, and emblazoned across the field of yellow was the motto "Fair Play".

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In the forties, when comic book heroes were not taken as seriously by fans as they are today, DC had no trouble getting readers to accept the concept of a trained crimefighter roaming the streets with "Fair Play" splashed across his stomach. Not so, however with the comic book readers of the sixties and seventies. The costume and emblem that made Mr. Terrific unique in his heyday were fated to bring him a great deal of grief in years to come. When DC began its long-awaited revival of the Justice Society characters in the sixties, the decision was made to resurrect not only the full-fledged JSA members such as Superman and Doctor Midnite, but also the "guest stars" such as Wildcat and Mr. Terrific who had previously been seen with the All-Star group only once or twice.

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Now possessing the active JSA membership denied to him back in ALL-STAR 24, Mr. Terrific made his first appearance in nineteen years in JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA numbers 37 and 38, where he fought the evil Johnny Thunder of Earth-one alongside his Earth-two compatriots. The still-spry and agile Defender of Fair Play turned up again in JLA numbers 55 and 56, where he joined the Justice Society and the Justice League in repelling the "Black Sphere" menace that threatened both earths.

Mr. Terrific also made cameo apperances in JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA six, eight, 101, and 102, and in WONDER WOMAN 226, a forties flashback story.

Unlike most of the resurrected JSA members, Terry Sloane was unable to endear himself to the hearts of today's comic fans fans, a gereration demanding more sophistication and realism in its comic book heroes than ever before. "Camp is the term most often used to describe the character nowadays; many comic book fans see him as an unwanted reminder of the late, unlamented BATMAN television program, which throughly degraded one of the comic medium's most popular characters.

It seems that the "Fair Play" that gave Mr. Terrific his charm and uniqueness in the forties has brought him nothing but ridicule and reader apathy in the seventies.

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